

know the brass band is only for sendoffs and sometimes for welcome home and after all you chose these two lives no one is forcing you but it would be comfy to let one go but if one dies the other one carries the corpse and it may look like life but it is really like Siamese twins when one dies the other must go too so I am a Siamese twins trying to stay alive and thinking about pioneers and how it was when men and women walked west from the Missouri River beside their carts to choose the land. And the women chose the men and the men chose the land. There was one woman who started to Seattle proud beside her husband in a new calico dress standing tall and feeling the fabric stretch over her breasts as they walked away from home and she saw him die half way there from an Indian arrow and she was a drain on the rest until she found another man and there were women who lived under the wind in the sod houses with greased paper for windows that let in too much cold and let out not enough smoke and with husbands too tired and strained to speak or care and there were women who cried and whose husbands wished they had left them home and others who could smile as they helped with the heavy work of plowing and digging out the stubborn roots and there were women in the Donner Pass who froze to death after they had eaten the flesh of those who died first and there was a woman who went crazy living alone with her man and listening to the surf off of Point Conception and there was a San Francisco woman named Alice who went to Paris to be with Gertrude who was a pioneer and maybe they can hear the music now.

-- Eleanor B. Zimmerman

Calabasas, Calif.

Williams' Wheelbarrow

So much depended
upon

his white physician's
hands

purified with Paterson
rain

even a red wheel
barrow.